



Take Me, Mother Earth.

Take me, Mother Earth, to thy cold
breast,
And bid me there in everlasting rest!
The long day o'er,
In weary, I would sleep;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more.

I have had my joy and sorrow, I have
proved
What life could give—have loved
And loved me there in everlasting rest!
I am sick and heart-sore,
And weary; let me sleep;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more.

—Anna Jameson.

I wonder how many misty eyes have
looked out of car windows at the old
Union Station in Toronto?

It must be that the very windows
rattle tears, in sympathy with the
aching hearts that beat so tempestu-
ously on either side of the glass.

It is a very wonderful, smoky old
station this, in its own way. Grown
almost human from a continuous con-
tact with humanity of every shade and
degree.

It is a spot consecrated by tears,
and happiness too deep for words. A
place of meetings and partings. A
Gateway that gives out to a great
world beyond, and forms an entrance
into a city that holds very pleasant
memories for almost every Canadian
who has wandered any distance at all
from the town of his birth.

Here have come students from every
city and hamlet, the length and
breadth of Canada; young men and
maiden filled with high hopes and
mighty ambitions. Here have come
back the boys and girls who went out
into the World to make their fortunes.
Here have parted tearful-eyed parents
and children; sweethearts; husbands
and wives. Through these two small
doors, at the head of the stairways,
have entered and departed Virtue and
Vice, and in the evolution of city life,
Virtue has very often degenerated
into Vice, Vice becomes Virtue.

Over these marble mosaic floors
have clattered the clumsy shoes of
weary immigrants, followed a pace
behind by the patter of little French
heels. Here jostle Fashion and Pov-
erty. Here tears gliven back at
laughter; why, it is the market-place—
the human market-place, of every
emotion under Heaven.

Walk into it at random, any hour
of the day and see if you will not see
some dear old mother whispering
parting blessings and advice to some
oh too, too cherished son or daughter.
Glance over in any corner and witness
the last tender moments of two mad-
ly-heating young hearts. See, see the
poor foolish little girls making a bid
for the impetuous notice of beary-
eyed station loungers. Fly with me
the timid country girl but newly ar-
rived in this loud-voiced city; smile
wistfully with the happy exiles from
outside villages, who have come into,
and enjoyed a concert the night be-
fore, and turn your eyes pitifully
away from the tiny group in deepest
black, who too, await an arrival.

He is a wise, great-hearted fellow
who stands at the door of the big ro-
unda, and calls the trains as they
come and go. Since ever I can re-
member, he has looked the same, been
as kindly, as painstaking with the
greatest down to the least. Little
boys and girls stop up to him with
confidence. I make no doubt that St.
Peter will one day pass him in at the
Gates without his ever being obliged
to show him a ticket.

But I was writing more of the
scenes to be witnessed just prior to
the trains pulling out, rather than of
the every-day phase of existence with-
in the big rotunda itself.

This is prompted by The Girl in
Green opposite, who is saying good-
bye to an old, white haired couple.
I wish the mother didn't look so frail,
and brave, but broken-hearted. I wish
the father didn't fuss so over some
papers in his pocket, that seem to
have nothing to do with the case, but
give him a chance to turn for a mo-
ment, to brush away a tear. I was
really terribly upset a moment ago
when the Green Girl said "Mother, I
just can't go and leave you two all
alone," and the Mother-Marcy an-

swered back "Dearie, you know John
will be waiting for you."

So Mothers and Fathers, the world
over, offer up on that altar called
Duty, their dearest and best-beloveds.
Oh the mist on the window-panes,
will it never lift?

The group of three, going West,
have finally ordered the family party
home. "If you boys, and Father and
Mother don't go right away, we'll get
straight off this train," sobbed the
cherished only daughter of one big
group, as she buried her face on her
husband's arm.

"Make up my berth," I said hastily
to the Porter. "I am going home, go-
ing West. I have no regrets, but
after all this is the home of my peo-
ple, this dear, never-to-be-forgotten
Ontario. It is the home of my care-
free, childhood days—oh, hah! if my
own windows aren't getting misty too!

We are a night's journey away from
it all; we have all breakfasted, and feel
happier. Morn, we are getting friend-
ly. Propinquity, and a common lone-
liness and flatness are drawing us to-
gether. The Green Girl though must
be Irish. The windows of Her Soul
are still moist. But we are very good
to her, each in our own clumsy way,
and the Genteeled but Lonely English-
man has singled her out for a hundred
kindly attentions. We have asked her
to share a little romance developing
at the rear end of the car. Another
Englishman, newly out. An impu-
sive, ingenious, warm-hearted Cana-
dian girl, also new to the West.

up its treasures. They say that even
mosquitoes have their share of the
world's work to do.

Toronto is a city of beautiful homes,
and shoppers.

Shopping is an institution. Appar-
ently everyone, both men and women,
takes to it, like ducks to water. You
always shop in the morning whether
you really need anything or not.

You see if you don't really require
anything there are still the bargains
to be reckoned with. Silk hose al-
ways come in useful, and calico at 8c.
a yd. can not be lightly overlooked.
Most families have some one member
at least who wants an early breakfast
in order to get a place in line for the
first rush. Alarm clocks are at a pre-

chered little Toy-maker had tender-
ly taken up his wee dog "Nebuchad-
nezza" to start, child as he was
with that other infant, his man-son,
out to America to make their fortune.
You must be knowing that he was
ruined. Ruined, making doll-babies
he loved, while the son painted their
eyelashes while all the child-world
was calling for Teddy-Bears.

Of course the Teddy-Bear King, the
prodigal son, came back just in the
nick of time. "Thank Heaven," they
mostly do in story books at least.
But the Toronto mist was in our eyes
as it ended.

Turn on the lights very slowly, Mr.
Electrician. It does one good to
weep.

The Royal Alexandra—Sunday.

Back once again to this charming
hotel, and everyone about me writ-
ing Sunday letters home. This after-
noon there will be a big crowd to
dinner, and to hear the fine concert
that is a feature of this particular af-
ternoon in the week. Out of the win-
dow I see a steady stream of church-
goers going home from their devo-
tions. I presume many belong to
Ralph Connor's flock. Perhaps I
shall go to hear him to-night.

In my grip, that long-promised
heading for the Mirror, I captured
the artist, one night, and the next, just
prior to my leaving for the station,
he handed me a brand-new looking-
glass. You will like it, I think. I am
delighted with it myself. May the
varied and interesting-looking shad-
ows and reflections I see on its face,
be reproduced on this page is the
earnest desire of yours most devoted-
ly.

A Psalm of Life.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Suffragettes are but a dream;
That you've never had your slumbers
Shattered by their battle-scream.

Life, they're real! Life, they're earn-
est!

But the home is not their goal.
Dust thou'lt be unless thou turnest
Deaf ear to their rignarole.

Not enjoyment, only sorrow'll
Be your destined end or way,
Should you wed one. Each tomor-
row!"

Find you weaker than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
But 't is shorter time you'll crave,
If from such fierce spouse you're bea-
cing
It, and longing for your grave.

In the suffrage field of battle,
In the biff and whack of life,
You'll be like dumb, driven cattle,
She'll be IT in every strife.

Lives of suffragettes remind us
We can't make our lives sublime
While they're chasing swift behind us,
Hurling gravel, bricks and lime.

Gravel which perhaps some Birrell,
Springing, frantic, o'er life's deck,
Or some Asquith, stern and virile,
Will receive upon the neck.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart to fight such fate;
Every suffragette eschewing,
Learn to dodge 'em and to wait.

W. F. Smyth.

Peggy

It was the moment when the thin,

DO YOU CATCH COLD EASILY?

Or have you a cold you can't get rid of?

TRY a bottle of

PALATABLE COD LIVER OIL with MALT and HYPOPHOSPHITES

This preparation contains Cod Liver Oil in a palatable form, combined with Extract of Malt and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda, Quinine and Strychnine.

IT TONES UP THE SYSTEM

relieves the cough and aids nature to shake off the cold.

PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE

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NOTICE TO STEAM ENGINEERS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an examination will be held by David Fraser, a duly appointed Inspector of Steam Boilers for the Province of Alberta, at

Strathcona	March 4	Orange Hall
Fort Saskatchewan	March 6	Queen's Hotel
Bruderheim	March 7	Victoria Hotel
Lamont	March 8	Windsor Hotel
Mundare	March 9	Mundare Hotel
Vegreville	March 10	Queen's Hotel
Innisfree	March 11	Alberta Hotel
Mannville	March 13	Alberta Hotel
Vermilion	March 14	Brunswick Hotel
Kitscoty	March 15	Hotel
Lloydminster	March 16	Britannia Hotel
Tofield	March 18	Queen's Hotel
Holden	March 21	Hotel
Viking	March 23	King Edward Hotel
Wainwright	March 25	Wainwright Hotel
Stoney Plain	March 27	Bismark Hotel
Morinville	March 29	Morinville Hotel
Edmonton	April 1	Houston's Hall

at 9 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of giving engineers and apprentices an opportunity of qualifying for Certificates under the provisions of the Steam Boilers Act, 1906.

Application forms may be obtained on application to the Department or to the above-named Inspector, and must be properly filled out, witnessed, and declared to before a Commissioner or Justice of the Peace, before an examination can be granted.

The Fall examinations will be discontinued.

JOHN STOCKS,

Deputy Minister.

Department of Public Works,
Edmonton, Alberta.



THORWALDSEN'S HEROIC STATUE OF HIMSELF.

Another case of propinquity and fel-
low feeling.

They have been talking mostly of
the prospect out-of-windows. At first
the desolate north shore has found
an answering antagonism in both
their hearts. And then He thought
a little shack "out there" mightn't be
so bad, if one had someone near and
dear to one, there with him. And so
thought it could be very pleasant; in
the summer, "fishing and wandering
in the woods." Blessed Babies!
They need a chaperone.

Each trip over this part of the route
wings a grudging tribute to that
mighty corporation, the C.P.R., and
the seers on its board, who had the
faith to build the road. Day-long
journeys with no return in sight;
Miles upon hundreds of miles of steel
to tap—nothing—all, all to reach that
promised land beyond—the unknown
West.

The men who constructed this track
of steel over these rocky and pro-
less shores, may have had a selfish
object in view, but—honor where hon-
or is due—they were Nation Builders
as well. Some day—some day—
even this In-Between land may yield

mum in the Queen City.

We had two delightful nights with
Edward Terry. First in "The Toy-
maker of Nuremberg," with a certain
dropper "Bardell versus Pickwick,"
and another evening "The Magis-
trate," a rippling comedy ending in a
screaming farce.

Terry is a little fidgety old man, off
the stage, with however an appall-
ing charm all his own. Behind the Ger-
man, lovable little toy-maker, I liked
him best of all. Barrie would have
crushed him to his heart. He is a
grown-up Peter Pan—grown gray of
head, but inside no change at all.
Come shadow, come sunshine, always
as he had it, "we smile." We smile
and thank God. And incidentally we
water the smile with tears and pray
that he keeps a few little Toy-
makers throughout the world so peo-
ple forget such things as worldly wis-
dom. To sweeten us.

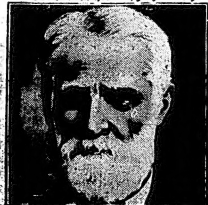
"Dang it," exploded a young fellow
back of me in the gallery. "I
wish the Teddy Bear King 'ud turn
up soon."

DON'T TAKE OLD-TIME PHYSIC

"Fruit-a-lives" Brings Natural Results
In A Natural Way.

"I am a seventy-nine-year-old man and a great believer in, and user of, 'Fruit-a-lives'." "Bristure of The Bowels was the complaint I suffered from and I found that 'Fruit-a-lives' did me more good than any other remedy. My doctor advised me to stick to 'Fruit-a-lives' and I have done so with best result. 'I have been in business here for a good many years and have been a resident of Ottaville for over fifty years."

WM. PARKS.
OTTAVILLE, ONT., July 28, 1910.



Fruit is Nature's laxative. "Fruit-a-lives" is made of the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes. "Fruit-a-lives" acts on the human system like fresh fruit—easily and gently—yet just as effectively as the old-time pill. "Fruit-a-lives" does not gripe or irritate the intestines. It regulates the bowels and cures Constipation because "Fruit-a-lives" acts directly on the liver. Just try "Fruit-a-lives" when you need a mild, gentle yet effective laxative and liver regulator. Box a box—6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.



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Some beautiful & unique patterns in Foulard Silks, Toile Normande, Rajahs, in Heavy weight.

Suitable for either Suits or Street Gowns in Browns, Blues, Greens, Natural, Peach, & Black.

The FORBES
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Read the 'News'



I take this from the news columns of a Toronto paper:

"I have been praying for and expecting an automobile or a horse and carriage for some time now." This was the announcement made by Rev. Dr. W. F. Wilson at Elm Street Methodist Church last night.

The doctor went on to explain that the pastoral work of the church, performed by himself and his assistant, and his deaconesses was becoming so arduous that an automobile was a necessity.

"There is one gentleman sitting directly in front of me who I wish would look me right in the eye while I am making this request," was the doctor's concluding remark.

These are fairly heroic tactics and I should like to hear the sequel. They recall the story of the old dandy who prayed "Lord, Lord, send a chicken to this nigger," but none came. He prayed the same prayer another night, but with no results. He kept it up till he thought it time to make a change, when he prayed: "Lord, Lord, send this nigger to a chicken." And his prayer was answered that very same night.

Mathematical wonders never cease. In pursuance of the policy of this department to present in interest in this branch of science, the following table is presented, which is certainly a curiosity if nothing else:

1 times 9 plus 2 equals 11
12 times 9 plus 3 equals 111
123 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111
1234 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111
12345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111
123456 times 9 plus 7 equals 1111111
1234567 times 9 plus 8 equals 11111111
12345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 111111111

1 times 8 plus 1 equals 9
12 times 8 plus 2 equals 98
123 times 8 plus 3 equals 987
1234 times 8 plus 4 equals 9876
12345 times 8 plus 5 equals 98765
123456 times 8 plus 6 equals 987654
1234567 times 8 plus 7 equals 9876543
12345678 times 8 plus 8 equals 98765432
123456789 times 8 plus 9 equals 987654321

From its file of twenty-five years ago, the Calgary Herald republishes the following, which shows that the southern city was not without its social circles even at that time:

Louis L'Hirondelle gave up his house near the old I. G. Baker store, near the Elbow, south of the track, on the night of December 28, for a half-breed dance, engaging to find the ladies, all for the sum of \$2. A woman of the town named Blanche Maloney, with several male companions, appeared on the scene, with the result that the dance was broken up and L'Hirondelle was obliged to hand back the \$2. There was a lot of disturbance, the mounted police were called in to eject the Maloney woman. She hit a member of the force in the face with her fist. For this offence she was hauled up this morning before Col. Herchimer and fined \$20 and \$5 costs.

The Toronto World recently remarked: — "We are only half way through eternity and have still a lot to learn." Mr. T. L. Snow replied as follows:

"You have, indeed, my dear sir, if that is your measure of eternity."

"It" is the World's rejoinder, "eternity has neither beginning nor end, any point in time must be half way through eternity."

This looks like the basis of a fairly lengthy and involved argument. The following voice the sentiments of many more men than I know:

"One can not object to high spirits in young people, but why on earth do young girls wear such immense bows of ribbon at the back of their heads? The fad is not artistic; it isn't beautiful; on the contrary, it is decidedly ugly. The spoiling of girls is done in a variety of ways, but surely this is one of the instances in which it is done most effectively. I suppose the dears long to wear enormous hats, and as a makeshift take to these stupendous and fatuous bows."

dolly ugly. The spoiling of girls is done in a variety of ways, but surely this is one of the instances in which it is done most effectively. I suppose the dears long to wear enormous hats, and as a makeshift take to these stupendous and fatuous bows."

There's a pretty cashier lady in a certain restaurant. The other day a fresh stranger approached this cashier and asked, "Are the waiters here attentive to you?"

"Sir!" she squealed, and her liquid eyes flashed fire.

"I asked, are the waiters in this place attentive to you?" he calmly repeated. "Are you hard of hearing?" Then the haughty beauty shouted for the manager, who came on the run.

"Now calm yourself," said the stranger unabashed. "I am merely being polite and complying with a request printed on your bill of fare. Here it is; read it yourself."

The line at the top of the menu card read as follows:

"Guests Will Oblige the Management by Reporting Any Inattention on the Part of the Waiters to the Cashier."

It was an old custom among highwaymen to stop prosperous looking men on the street at night and inquire the time and then when the ob-



John Bull: "And may I now how you arrived at this result?"
Chef Asquith: "I am not at liberty, sir, to disclose the ingredients." — Punch.

liging party had pulled out his watch and named the hour, to snatch the watch and run off with it.

One night one of these foot-pads recanted an achievement.

"What time is it?" inquired the foot-pat.

"The athlete dealt the crook a hard punch on the jaw."

"Just struck one," said the athlete, as the footpad went down before his stinging blow.

"Good!" said the crook, as myriads of stars were clouding his vision. "I'm glad I didn't meet you an hour ago."

—National Magazine.

"What has your boy learned at school this session?"

He has learned that he'll have to be vaccinated, that his eyes aren't really mates, and that his method of breathing is entirely obsolete."

"You are late," she says, with a woman's sweet habit of saying the unnecessary.

"Yes," he acknowledged. "Several things made me late. In the first place, I met Jones and Bingham as I was rushing to the train, and, in the second place, I felt that I had to set 'em up for them because of old college days and —"

"You needn't bother to tell me what happened in the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and on up to the twentieth place," she replied icily.

The cuckoo clock had just chirped the half hour before midnight, and the girl in the parlor scene was weary.

"Mr. Deiboren," she said, as she vainly attempted to strangle a yawn. "I heard something about you the other day that I'm sure is not true."

"Indeed," he exclaimed, "What was it?"

"I heard someone say you were an easy-going chap," she answered.

ELECTION PERSONALITIES

A Few Flowers From the Garden of British Oratory.

(From the London Spectator)

In the Manchester Guardian we read the complaint that Ministers of the Crown have been called "marionettes" (not much harm in that, perhaps), "pantaloons" (nor in that, perhaps), "highwaymen," "limehouse blackguards" (Sir Edward Carson), and "specialists in office" (Mr. F. E. Smith. Mr. Gavin appears to be responsible for "poodles and jacksals" and "Buffalo bagmen." The comment of the Manchester Guardian on all this — we agree with its general spirit — is: "It is melancholy to contrast this 'splinting out dirt by the yard' (to use the elegant phrase of a member for Dublin University) with the invective of the masters of political oratory — of Burke, for instance, or Gladstone, or Mr. Chamberlain. These men had all the scorn which comes from a fine fervor as the driving force behind their words. They were sincere, and sincerity does not need to elude 'itself in the language of the author.'"

We know that for some Liberals the vulgarities of Tory mouths are transmuted by the alchemy of party prejudice into pure gold when they issue from Liberal mouths. We are sure, however, that there are many

The People of Edmonton
will find in the
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Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1 and upwards).
Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.
All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of our depositors.
A special room is provided for women.
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Paid Up, \$5,575,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$5,575,000.00

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Edmonton West End Branch, 659 Jasper West
Your Savings Account is solicited
O. R. F. KIRKPATRICK, Manager



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WINNER OF THE GLIDDEN TOUR

When you buy a motor car, just what it is that you buy, anyway? Is it simply so much wheel base, so much steel and iron and rubber and wood finished into motor, transmission frame, wheels, tires, etc.? No, what you really buy is a name.

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LEWIS' CAFE is bright, cosy and warm.
Just the place to go for a Dinner Party or after the Theatre.

"IT'S THE COOKING"

Lewis' Cafe

Orpheum Entrance

Jasper East

THE INVESTOR

A Record Price Paid for Jasper Avenue Property—Immigration Authorities Forecast a Very Heavy Movement Into the Country—The Interest in Alberta Oil Shares in Vancouver—Red Deer Case Settled—New Real Estate Firms Recently Started.

The real estate sensation of the week has been the purchase of the present C. P. R. offices by Winnipeg people, believed to be representing the Northern Crown Bank, for \$1750 per front foot, constituting a record for Jasper Avenue. Six weeks ago J. A. Powell purchased this property for \$1500 a front foot. It has been since stated that the bank has sold the property which it has occupied since the establishment of its branch, for \$1250 per front foot.

The northwest corner of Jasper and Eleventh, with 166 feet on Jasper, has been sold by the Gillard estate for \$34,000.

Mr. W. G. Girvin, of Calgary, has bought the Jasper House, the second oldest hotel in the city, from Mr. L. A. Goodridge for \$25,000.

The Rutherford subdivision within the Strathcona limits, just to the east of Mill Creek, is to be put on the market at an early date.

Mr. Frank Haldane, representing the owners, has offered the 70 acres south of the Exhibition Park to the city at \$750 per acre.

The two lots at the north-east corner of Eighth avenue and First street east in Calgary were sold not long ago to the Dominion Bank for \$100,000. They were purchased in 1883 for \$500. In 1885 Messrs. G. C. King and Fred Simson bought them for \$1150, and the former, who is still postmaster, put up a building on one of them for post office purposes.

Mr. King, in an interview with the Alberta this week, related an interesting incident connected with the original building. On March 17, 1886, shortly after he had opened the post office, a very high wind came up. At that time it was the only two storey building on Stephen avenue, and the wind had full sweep down the valley and came with such force that the building was twisted off its foundations. The other part of the building cut to the corner was built and brick veneered in 1886. The brick used in it were the first that were ever manufactured in Calgary, and were made

cent. From \$25,000 in 1908 to \$100,000 in two years is an increase of 300 per cent.

During the months of December last year, and January of this, over deals put through by the brokers have been in the shares of the Alberta-Canadian and American-Canadian oil companies. Comparing this business with that done during the same days of the last two years it is found that the figures for the first seven days of February, 1909, were 37,285 sales and those for 1910 16,781 sales. Neither figure makes half a day's business in 1911.

That the public takes no part or active interest in these heavy transactions, could be maintained by no one who had attended an afternoon session any day this month. A crowd forty strong is nearly always there watching the bidding, giving orders to their brokers to buy or sell, and anxiously scanning the figures that mean good dollars and cents to them as they are chalked up on the board. A million shares were sold within each period. February bids fair to eclipse both of them. The seven days on which the exchange has been open this month have seen an average of 91,000 shares change hands each day. The value of the 698,805 shares sold—to come down to hard figures—is \$176,261.25 and the part that oil is playing in greasing the business wheels of the exchange is shown by the fact, that over two-thirds of the But the business is not all local. Orders come from all over the country, from Seattle across the line to far away Edmonton on the edge of where many people hope will prove to be the new oil-fields of Canada.—Vancouver Province.

During the year 1910, 325,000 immigrants came to Canada. This year, judging from the reports received from the agents in the United States, it is no exaggeration to say that Canada in 1911 will receive 400,000 persons.

This was the statement made the other day by Bruce Walker, commissioner of immigration.

"From information received there will be at least 150,000 cross the bound-

ary Alberta, from such places as Warner, Coutts, Taber, Lechbridge, Winnipeg, Bow Island, Burdett, Medicine Hat and Irvine.

Continuing, Mr. Walker said: "It was originally intended that this distribution should take place about February 20, but owing to the succession of severe snow storms in the province and the consequent blocking of the rails, the distribution has been deferred until March 14, when the necessary supply will be placed on cars at the places mentioned for distribution to those homesteaders whose applications have been received and accepted.

"The system of distribution will require the homesteader to present at the point of distribution the authority to him by the commissioner of immigration at Winnipeg. On the preservation of this authority the train will be handed over and the receipt for same taken.

"No application for seed grain will be received at Winnipeg after the first of March.

J. E. Cunningham of the Saskatchewan Land and Colonization advises that a settlement has been reached with the Leadley estate for the farm lands of the colonization company. These lands comprising 25,000 acres, have been held for eight years by litigation and will now be thrown open for settlement. The property is situated at the Calgary and Ed-

purchased from Mr. Albert Brinnell the latter's store at No. 241 Yonge price paid was \$55,000. This property has a frontage of 20 feet, and a depth of 120 feet. The assessment is at the rate of \$1.051 per foot, a total of \$21,000 for the land. The building is valued at \$1,500.—Toronto Star.

Charles J. Merry of the Cowan Construction Co. has been in Edmonton this week and states that it will build 200 miles of the C. N. R. main line from the Pembina to the Yellowhead this summer. The McMillan Co. has the contract to the Pembina.

The Cardiff Collieries intend to spend \$100,000 this year on additions to their plant.

Sixty new oil companies, with holdings in the Morinville field, applied for paid in \$30,000 at the land within the last few weeks in rentals.

The firm of W. S. Weeks and Co. has been revived. Associated with Mr. Weeks will be Mr. A. E. Hopkins, who has been twenty years in the west, and Mr. W. H. Bunting, formerly a well-known Toronto newspaper man, whose father C. W. Bunting founded the Toronto Mail.

The Edmonton clearings for the week ending Feb. 9 went \$1,608,452 as compared with \$1,127,183 for the corresponding week last year. This



The Boarder: "I can't eat this butter—it's not pure."
The Landlady: "The poet says: 'To the pure all things are pure.'"
—Throne and Country.

Edmonton branch of the C. P. R. between Lacombe and Innisfail, is within \$100,000 of Hamilton's figure.

The building at No. 149 Yonge street, occupied by the Art Metropole, Limited, has been sold for \$170,000 to the Boston Lunch Company. The property has a frontage of 25 feet, and a depth of 146 feet, and is assessed at \$2,000 per foot. The building is valued at \$6,000, bringing the total assessment to \$71,000. At \$170,000, the price paid per foot frontage is \$6,800.

The Art Metropole, Limited, whose lease expires October 1 next, have

The Edmonton commissioners have declined to recommend the extension of the Twenty-fourth street electric line from Albany to Alberta avenues. It was considered that the population at present in the district was not sufficiently large to warrant the move.

The Windsor Realty Co. has commenced business at 222 First street. Those associated with the enterprise are Messrs. J. H. and W. McKinley and M. J. Watt.

British Papers That Boost Canada.

Horatio Bottomley's attack on Canada in his publication, *John Bull*, is answered almost daily in a British paper and magazine. In the *Empire*, for instance, appear two articles, one entitled "For Those Who Wish to Go to Canada," and the other "How We Came to Canada." The sub-title of the former is "The Mecca of the Enterprising Man," and from this keynote the laudatory character of the text may be understood. The writer observes that he never saw a badly dressed workman in Canada, and our mechanics when in their "glad rags" make the ordinary English traveller look shabby by comparison. The

man who comes back from Canada abusing the country is doing nothing more than advertising his own incompetence.

The Right Sort.

The sort of immigrant that would be welcomed here is the sort revealed in the second article, "How We Came to Canada." For eighteen years the husband of the family had been earning at the rate of twenty-two shillings a week. He raised three or four children, and yet his wife put by about 35 6d. every week. So that when the move to Canada was decided upon there was the tidy sum of £90 to be drawn upon for expenses. Of



Patient Father: "Dearie! Baby's eating my glove now. Is it all right?"
Dearie (from above): "Oh, quite all right—(pause)—you're sure it's yours?"—Punch.

writer also drops a remark that shows more than a superficial acquaintance with his subject, when he says that immigrants, as a rule, do not feel the cold of a Canadian winter as much as do the Canadians themselves.

"Now is the time for the man who has a belief in himself to go to Canada, even if he gives up a billet," declares the editor of the *Empire Magazine*, but he warns the waster to keep dry. He says that it was not the Canadian employers, but the intending English employees, who were responsible for the "No Englishman Need Apply" signs that were posted up a few years ago. This warning, says the magazine, was a necessary protection against the stream of undesirable then flowing into the country.

The opportunities for skilled mechanics in all lines of work are mentioned, and the fact is noted that the greater number of men employed in banks are either from England or Scotland. This may be an over-statement, but it is undeniable that British clerks and bookkeepers and accountants find that they have no prejudices to overcome on the part of managers of large financial and commercial concerns in this country. "A good man comes to the top in Canada, just as a cork does in a bucket of water. The

this, £20 was left to keep the mother while the father and the children went out to make a home for her. The fare for father and his four children from Liverpool to Montreal swallowed up £28, and additional fares—the boys to Winnipeg, the girls to Toronto and the man to Fonthill—brought the total to Fonthill—brought the total of unavoidable travelling expenses to £42.

Close to the Cushion.

Another £12 or £14 had been spent on warm clothing before the journey was undertaken, and on landing each boy had to have £5 4s. in his pocket, as their plans were not definitely settled. They had some £3 among them when they separated. A man who will save nearly \$1 a week out of wages not much in excess of \$5, and bring up a family on it, can hardly make a failure in Canada. His success is practically assured when, in addition to this frugality he adds the courage necessary to the spending in railway tickets of more than half the slow and regular savings of eighteen years. This man must have appeared in comparatively easy circumstances to most of his companions, for we may be assured that the saving of \$1 out of 55c is not a very common achievement in any place on earth. We can imagine them with one accord advising him against the foolish hazard.

Well Satisfied.

His experiences in Canada were not more fortunate than he deserved, and he speaks in appreciative terms of all the Canadians with whom he came in contact. He found no prejudice against him on account of his English birth and accent. The children were taken in hand by kindly officials and forwarded to their destinations. None had the slightest difficulty in getting a position, and at wages that must have seemed princely according to Old Country standards. Despite the deserving, progressive character of this immigrant, he might, had luck been against him, have had a less fortunate experience. Supposing that when he got to Fonthill there had been no work for him and he had been obliged to pay his fare back to this city, where he might have arrived penniless?

A Hard Case.

Exactly such a case happened the other day, and the man who had spent his last dollar to go to a prospective job on a farm some distance away discovered that the farmer who had applied for help did not need him. He found himself stranded in Toronto, without a cent in his pocket, unknown to a single person in the city, and at the employment bureau not the slightest information was given him as to where he could get a meal or spend the night. Probably he has since found friends or employment, but his first night in this city is likely to be a bitter memory to him.



John Bull: "How would it be if I paid your pipe, and let him play what tune he likes?"

Trades Union Official: "I don't so much mind your paying, but I call the tune!"—Punch.

in a yard started by James Little on dry line from the States to Canada the Mission property along the El—this year and it is fair to expect that how. The lumber was sawn at Lieo, 60 per cent. of these will settle in the Thomas Cochrane's mill at Cochrane, province," he continued.

and the ornaments from work, which. The English immigration for 1911 for stars was the admiration of every well-dressedly by the largest em visitor was brought from St. Louis, cond.

In 1895, Mrs. Fred Simson purchased Mr. Walker also gives information the property from G. C. King and Co. as to the aid which the government for \$12,500. In 1908 it was purchased will supply to Southern Alberta sold by Skinner and Miquelon for \$25,000, less who suffered last year from and last year sold by them to the drought.

Dominion Bank for \$100,000, or an ad- This will only be given to immigrants of \$5,000 in about two years. Steadholders who have made entries prior From \$5,000 to \$100,000 in twenty to the first of July, 1910. The distribution seven years is an increase of 1908 per lution of seed will take place in South-

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Music and Drama

"The Stubbins Cinderella Company proved quite as good a musical comedy organization as has ever visited Edmonton, and the large houses that greeted it at its four performances should give assurance that we shall have more of its kind in the future. That so large a company and such an elaborate setting could be accommodated so well on so small a stage was a marvel. The scenic effects were excellent, the chorus well drilled, and everything about the performance was that which we can look for in only the best light operatic productions. Mr. Albertson proved a comedian of very high order, and contributed much genuine fun to the evening. Miss Kirk was a most attractive Lady Leslie and sang and acted the part to perfection.

Miss Goldsmith as Lois danced very well but her voice was too much of the cissy music-hall variety for the amount of solo work that was given her. Special mention should be made of the manner in which the small role of the railway engineer was carried through.

Mr. Edward Terry, the eminent English actor who was playing in Toronto recently, wrote as follows to the Toronto News during his stay there:

"I shall be obliged if you will allow me space to say a few words on the subject of 'Church and Stage'. 'The Rev. Dr. Chapman in his address at Massey Hall, expressed the opinion that it was 'wicked to frequent the theatre'. Nowadays it is extremely rare to find narrow-mindedness and intolerance with regard to the profession of which I am proud to be a member and which has some of its staunchest supporters in the ranks of the clergy. I wish Godspeed to the Chapman-Alexander campaign, but no cause, however good, is strengthened by intolerance and bigotry.

I take it Mr. Chapman has never been into a theatre, in which case he is certainly not qualified to judge of its 'wickedness', and has no right to condemn without a proper knowledge of the subject.

"The art of acting is one of the greatest, and its power for doing good and inculcating noble ideals is incalculable.

"Let me quote an address delivered to the actors Church Union by the Bishop of London:

"When some lad, whether he is returning from church or from the theatre, goes back to his lodgings stronger in character and freed of worldly worries, when some of our thousands of tired workers go back from the theatre of an evening, cheered if it is only by a hearty laugh at good honest fun, when some girl to whom it is easier to speak sometimes by the eye than by the word, sees more clearly the self-sacrifice of a noble thing in consequence of what she has seen represented before her eyes, then I feel that the Kingdom of Heaven has advanced in our midst.

"Therefore we are recognizing one of the deepest instincts of the human race in the love of seeing a play."

I could quote others of the clergy who have spoken similarly, but the space will suffice.

"The church must be broadminded in its dealings with the people, and by turning in their innocent and intellectual amusements give no cause for rebuke for the rarity of christian duty under the sun."

EDWARD TERRY.
"The church must be broadminded in its dealings with the people, and by turning in their innocent and intellectual amusements give no cause for rebuke for the rarity of christian duty under the sun."

"Granted that the 'drama' and the play are of two distinct arts, still they are two birds be killed with one stone. Inasmuch as they have been, I deem that they may. And an amateur may also serve as a walking stick and a walking stick may also be used to drive off a dog, and a lapdog, and a lapdog may also serve as a walking stick. Nevertheless, it is a general rule, the wiser plan, if you wish to make a difficult shot, not to aim at two birds, it is further observed that a dog has a better chance of running off the bone and having the collar done, that, indeed, if it succeeds, at all in the latter, it is apt to be the exhausted success of a stone that hits the house wall squarely and drops freely on the cellar door: in fact that there is a better chance of a dog going off the stage being a readable drama in a book than a fine drama out of a book being an actable play.

Literature is a wide and tolerant art. It is impossible to say what kind of thing is inadmissible to a book. The novel and the drama are catholic enough to welcome the moral symbolism of Hawthorne and the visions of Maeterlinck. But the stage is so catholic. It will stand something. Not but it will not stand as much. The eyes see persons on the stage and the imagination is shackled to the eyes. The forms and habits of the drama in literature have been largely adopted from the stage, and such is the plasticity and tolerance of literature that there seems to be little objection to the alien influence. Any breach of its contract, any miscalculation and cutting atwart, any misunderstanding of what it is, this current flowing over the footlights to the audience absorbed and expectant, any break in the spot—North American Review.

THE DEADLY STREETS.

Is there any way to stop or diminish the slaughter of the street? Colonel Edward S. Cornell, secretary of the National Highway Protective Association, believes that there is. In the year just closed, in New York City, the lives of 376 persons were crushed out, and 930 persons were injured by trolley cars, automobiles or horse-drawn vehicles; and the astonishing fact is revealed that the officers and men in both the regular and volunteer armies in the United States who were killed in action, or died from wounds received in action between May 1, 1898, and June 30, 1899—the period of the Spanish-American war—were fewer in number than the persons who are killed by vehicles in New York City every year. A horrible part of this situation is that in New York and other large cities 'a mother never knows,' as Colonel Cornell puts it, 'when she kisses her child, and sends it forth to school, whether it will return alive or not.' The next thing may be a call to go to some hospital to see her child, who frequently never recovers consciousness, or who died on the way to the hospital, and no word issues from the child's lips to temper the mother's grief. Or it may be a father who is struck down, and added to the grief of this, a family may face death by being bereft of its breadwinner.

To meet with these conditions Col. Cornell advises the adoption of the European plan of putting into the hands of the department which controls, or should control, the traffic—namely the police department—the licensing of drivers of all motor vehicles, and public vehicles. He considers that if the police department is responsible for the arrest of incompetent and law-breaking drivers, it should have control of the licensing of those who drive the vehicles for the movement of which it is responsible. In European countries all the licensing bureaus for drivers come under the police departments, and drivers of public conveyances of any kind have to pass examinations. This transferring of the power of licensing should have an ameliorating effect; but so far as the avoidance of accidents to children is concerned, the greatest factor is, and is likely to remain, the impressing upon the child as well as upon the parents the grave results which follow carelessness, such as playing on the car tracks, jumping out from behind piles of bricks and other things, such as cabs and automobiles, which are at a standstill or moving slowly, catching on to wagons, taking risks in crossing before moving cars, and so forth.

The National Highway Protective Society plans to put warnings against such risks and dangers in the hands of every family in New York City, and there are six hundred thousand families there. In many cases, especially among the newly-arrived European immigrants, the parents are so ignorant that the school child has to be taught first, so that it may teach the parent. Colonel Cornell says: "The conditions are so bad that chauffeurs come to us appealing for assistance in persuading their employers not to order them to run so fast 'in violation of the law.' They do not like to say anything because they must live and they cannot afford to jeopardize their jobs by refusing to do what their employers direct them to do. Such employers deserve double punishment. Colonel Cornell asserts that there are people today who will not allow their children to go to school because of the danger involved not only in crossing the city streets, but in walking along a country road. In

New York drunken and incompetent drivers are not uncommon, and there is no punishment, so far as we know, for a drunken driver, except on the charge of drunkenness. Men who are habitual drunkards ought not to be allowed to drive anywhere or drive anything, and if the police department, which has to certify yearly to the competence, and character of cab-drivers, were to refuse licenses to those cab-drivers which it knows to be drunkards, there would be one source of danger the less. There is much incompetency among drivers. Some drivers do not know the names of streets, which in London, for instance, is accounted by the police incompetency, and a reason for refusing a license. Then, immature boys drive delivery and other carts and wagons, and some of them are cruel, cruel to their horses, and they do not care what they run over.

EATING LESS.

Believing Americans suffer from over-eating. Mr. Da Cunha of New Jersey would limit by statute the amount of food a person may swallow at a meal.

I ordered up a sirloin rare.
With mushrooms on the side—
It was the finest form or fare
That ever I had tried—
When lo! a man in brass and blue
Said, "You must cut the steak in two,
And just one half of it must do
Or into jail you'll slide."

When on a sultry summer night
The youth and maiden fair
Would eat all the ice cream in sight
Upon the bill-of-fare
The waiter says, with iron will,
"Not one more spoonful of vanilla!"
Because, according to the bill,
"You've had your legal share."

O diners at the annual fair,
Of Gotham's Old Guard troop,
What tortures of stomachic need
You'd suffer in a group
If as you gulped the oysters raw
The toastman rose, held up a paw,
And groaned, "He's specified by law
We finish with the soup."

It seems a blow at pleasure, this,
Within the banquet hall,
And yet one economic bliss
We see in diners small!
If the Beef Trust's downfall will be viewed
We offset the price of food
By making of ourselves a brood
Who do not eat at all.
—John O'Keefe, in Buffalo Evening Times.

ENGLAND COULD NOT BE INVADED.

So Says Britain's Greatest Naval Expert.

A remarkable contribution to the discussion as to whether England could be invaded by Germany from a base in the North Sea has been made by Sir Arthur Wilson, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. The article has appeared in a preface to a new edition of Sir Ian Hamilton's book on "Compulsory Service." The importance of the article arises from the high standing as an expert of the man who wrote it. He says in part: "To understand thoroughly the small chance of an invasion from the other side of the North Sea being successful, it is necessary to put oneself in the place of the officer who has to undertake the responsibility of conducting it."

"His first difficulty will be to consider how he is to get his great fleet of transports to sea without any information of its leaving out through neutral nations or otherwise."

"Next, he will consider that somewhere within wireless call we have nearly double the number of battleships and cruisers that he can muster, besides a swarm of destroyers."

"He has probably very vague and unhelpful information as to their positions, which are constantly changing."

"His unwieldy fleet will cover many square miles of water, and all the ships will be obliged to carry lights, for mutual safety, they will be visible nearly as far by night as by day. How can he hope to escape discovery?"

"Many of his transports will have speeds of not more than ten to twelve knots; so that there will be no hope of escape by flight if he is met by a superior force."

"If he is sighted by any of our destroyers at night, they will have little difficulty in avoiding the men-of-war and torpedoing the transports."

"Is it possible to entice part of our fleet away by any stratagem? Possibly. But even if it succeeds in drawing off half our fleet, the other half, in conjunction with our submarines, would be quite sufficient to sink the greater part of his transports

even if supported by the strongest fleet he could collect. The fleet would engage each other in the darkness, and submarines torpedo the transports."

"Finally, even if he reached the coast in safety, he would see that it was quite impossible to guard his transports against the attacks of submarines while he was landing his troops; and that it was quite certain that a superior force would be brought to attack him before the landing could be completed."

"Taking all these facts into consideration, he would probably decide, as the Admiralty have done, that an invasion on even the moderate scale of 70,000 men is practically impossible."

A BRAND NEW LITTLE CONFIDENCE GAME.

How It Was Successfully Worked on an Unsuspecting Stranger—One Night in a Big Restaurant.

Here is the story of the working of a new little confidence game, worked in a restaurant. The story comes from Chicago. "It goes like this: 'The eating house looked all right,' said the man with the straw colored beard, 'and I was hungry for a steak, so I stepped inside and ordered one. To pass the time away while I was waiting for it I took out of my overcoat pocket a copy of an afternoon paper I had bought of a newsboy just before I went in and began to read it. When the steak came I laid the paper down beside the side of my plate and tackled the meat.'

"Well, when I finished my meal I folded up the paper, put it back in my overcoat pocket, picked up my check, went to the cashier's desk, and paid the bill. Just as I was starting to leave the restaurant some man—I don't know whether he was the proprietor or one of the waiters—stopped me."

"I beg your pardon, my friend," he said, but you've pocketed one of our papers without paying for it. We keep those here for everybody to read, but they're not to be carried away."

"That made me mad."

"I haven't done anything of the kind, sir," I said; 'I bought it just before I came into your place.'

"The stranger's right, boss," spoke up a man who was standing right behind me. 'I saw him take it out of his pocket when he sat down. It's his paper.'

"Just the same," said the other chap, 'if he'll take the trouble to look at it he'll find the name of this restaurant stamped on the margin.'

"Maybe you'd like to bet a dollar on that, captain," the man behind me said.

"I don't like to take your money, mister," the restaurant fellow said, 'but if you insist on betting I'll give you a dollar, all right.'

"Each of 'em dug up a coin and the money was placed in the hands of the cashier."

"Am I in on this?" I asked.

"Sure," he said, 'but it's like taking money from children.'

"So two more coins were put up."

"Now, then," said the restaurant chap, 'suppose you take that paper out of your pocket and look at it.'

"I took it out and opened it; and gentlemen, as sure as I'm standing here, there was the restaurant card printed on the margin with a rubber stamp. I knew it was the same paper, and I knew it hadn't anything printed on the margin when I bought it."

"You win," I said, and I tossed the paper at him and went out.

"When I passed in front of that place an hour or two afterward, I looked in at the window, and I saw those same two men talking together and laughing; but I didn't need that to convince me that I'd been roped in on a little confidence game."

"What's a dollar, anyway," concluded the stranger with the straw colored beard, 'when you learn an entirely new wrinkle with it?'

INHERITED.

Knicker-Jones has a bad memory. Bocker—his mother never knew what were trumps, and his father couldn't remember anything of the witness stand.

A man passes for what he is worth. What he is engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in letters of light which all men may read but himself. Concealment avails nothing.—Emerson.

No fading frail memorial leave, to soothe thy friends when thou art gone, But fruits of love for aye to live and works of faith together done.—Kehle.



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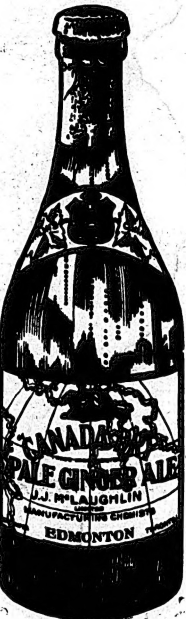
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UNFAVORABLE.

Wife (at breakfast)—"I want to do some shopping today, dear, if the weather is favorable. What does the paper say?"
Husband—"Rain, hail, thunder, thunder and lightning."—Boston Transcript.

He heard much of the "force of circumstance." Circumstance, if traced to its source, will be found to be the effect of Will.—Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.

DODD'S
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PILLS

223 THE P.

The Uprooting of Man: The
Moral of the Mauretania's Race

I was ill in bed; reading Samuel Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," and noting how much the world can change in seventy years, writes H. G. Wells in the Daily Mail.

I had just got to the journey of Titmouse from London to Yorkshire in that ex-spliff's coach he bought in Long Acre—where now the motor-cars are held—when there came a telegram to bid me note how Mr. Holt was now upon the ocean again coming to England. He had left London last Saturday week, at midnight, he hopes to be back by Thursday, and he had talked to the President at Washington, visited Philadelphia, and had a comparatively lingering afternoon in New York. What had I to say about it?

First, that I wish this article could be written by Samuel Warren. And failing that, I wish that Charles Dickens, who wrote in his "American Notes" with such passionate disgust and hostility about the first Cunarder, retelling all the discomfort and misery of crossing the Atlantic by steamship, could have shared Mr. Holt's experience.

Because I am chiefly impressed by the fact not that Mr. Holt has taken days where weeks were needed fifty years ago, but that he has done it very comfortably, without undue physical exertion and at no greater expense, I suppose, than it cost Dickens, whom the journey nearly killed. If Mr. Holt's expense were higher, it was for the special trains and the sake of the record. Anyone taking ordinary trains and ordinary passages may do what he has done in eighteen or twenty days.

The Prophets and the Facts.

When I was a boy, "Around the World in Eighty Days" was still a brilliant piece of imaginative fiction. Now that is almost an invalid's pace. It will not be very long before a man will be able to go around the world if he wishes to do so, ten times in a year. And it is perhaps forgiveable if those who like Jules Verne, foresee all these increments in speed, motor-cars and airplanes, aeroplanes and submarines, wireless telegraphy and what not, as plain and necessary deductions from the promises of physical science, should turn upon a world that roared and doubted and jeered, with "I told you so. Now will you respect a prophet?"

It was not that the prophets professed any mystical and inexplicable illuminations at which a sceptic might reasonably mock; they were prepared then as now with ample reasons for the things they foretold. Now quite as confidently they point to a new series of consequences, high probabilities that follow on all this tremendous development of swift, secure, and cheapened locomotion, just as they followed almost necessarily upon the mechanical developments of the last century.

Briefly the ties that bind men to place are being severed; we are in the beginning of a new phase in human experience.

The Old Basis of Society.

For endless ages, man led the hunting life, migrating after his food, as to this day are many of the Indians and Esquimaux in the Hudson's Bay territory. Then began agriculture, and for the sake of secure food man tethered himself to a place. The history of man's progress from savagery to civilization is essentially a story of settling down. It begins in caves and casual shelters; it culminates in a wide spectacle of farms, and peasant villages and little towns among the fields. There were wars, and invasions, barbarous invasions, set-backs, but that state all Asia, Europe, North Africa worked its way with an indomitable pertinacity. The enormous majority of human beings stayed at home at last; from the cradle to the grave they lived, married, died in the same district, usually in the same village, and to that condition, law, custom, habits, morals have adapted themselves. The whole plan and conception of human society is based on the rustic home and the needs and characteristics of the agricultural family. There have been gipsies, wanderers, knaves, knight-errant and adventurers, no doubt, but no such permanent rustic home and the tenure of land about it, and the hens and the cow, have constituted the fundamental reality of the whole scheme.

The Return of Adventure.

Now, the really wonderful thing is this astonishing development of cheap, abundant, swift locomotion we have seen in the last 20 years—the development of which Mauretania's aeroplanes, mile-a-minute expresses, omnibus cabs, and motor-cars are just the bright, remarkable points—is that it dissolves almost all the reason and necessity why men should go on living permanently in any one place or rigidly disciplining to one set of conditions. The former attachment to the soil ceases to be an advantage. The human spirit has never quite subdued itself to the laborious and established life; it achieves its best with variety and occasional vigorous exertion under the stimulus of novelty rather than by constant toil, and this revolution in human locomotion that brings nearly all the globe within a few days of any man is the most striking aspect of the unending aging of the old restless, wandering, adventurous tendencies in man's composition.

Modern Immigration.

Already one can note remarkable developments of immigration. There is, for example, that flow to and fro across the Atlantic of laborers from the Mediterranean. Italian workmen by the hundred thousand go to the States in the spring and return in the autumn. Again, there is the stream of thousands of prosperous Americans to summer in Europe. Compared with any European country, the whole population of the United States is fluid. Equally notable is the enormous proportion of the British provinces which winters either in the High Alps or along the Riviera. England is rapidly developing the former Irish grievance of an absentee propertied class. It is only now by the most strenuous artificial banking back that migrations on a far larger scale from India into Africa and from China and Japan into Australia and America are prevented. All the indications point to a time when it will be an altogether exceptional thing for a man to follow an occupation in one place all his life and still never for a season follow in his father's footsteps or die in his father's house.

The Social Consequences.

The thing is as simple as the rule of three. We are off the chain of locality for good and all. It was once necessary for a man to live in immediate contact with his occupation, because the only way for him to reach it was to have it at his door, and the cost and delay of transport were relatively too enormous for him to do otherwise he was settled. Now he may live 20 or 30 miles away from his occupation and still often pays him to spend the small amount of time and money needed to move to it, may be half way round the world—to healthier conditions or more profitable employment.

And with every diminution in the cost and duration of transport it becomes more and more possible and more and more likely to be profitable to move great numbers of workers seasonally, between regions where work is needed in this season and regions where work is needed in that. They can go out to the agricultural lands at one time and come back into towns for arduous work and organized work in factories at another. They can move from cold and darkness and sunshine, and from heat in the coldness of mountain forests. Children can be sent for education to sea-beaches and healthy mountains. Men will harvest in Saskatchewan and come down in great flocks to spend the winter working in the forests of Yucatan.

The End of Political Areas.

People have hardly begun to speculate about the consequences of the return of humanity from a closely tethered to a migratory existence. It is here that the prophet finds his chief opportunity. Obviously these great forces of transport are already straining against the limits of existing political areas. Every country contains now an increasing ingredient of unfranchised outsiders. Every country finds a growing section of its home-born people either living largely abroad, drawing the bulk of their income from the exterior, or having their essential interests wholly or partly across the frontier.

In every locality of a Western European country countless people are found delocalized, uninterested in the affairs of that particular locality, and capable of moving themselves with a minimum of loss and a maximum of facility into any other region that proves more attractive. In America, political life, especially state, is distinguished from national political life, is degraded because of the natural and inevitable apathy of a large portion of the population whose interests go beyond the state.

Politicians and statesmen, being the last people in the world to notice what is going on in it, are making no at-

tempt whatever to readapt this hugely growing, floating population of delocalized people to the public service. As Mr. Marriott puts it in his recent novel "Now," they "drop out" from politics as we understand politics at present.

Local administration falls almost entirely, and the decision in Imperial affairs tends more and more to fall into the hands of that dwindling and undventurous moiety which sits tight in one place from the cradle to the grave.

No one has yet invented any method for the political expression and collective direction of a migratory population, and nobody is attempting to do so. It is a new problem.

Mankind of the Future.

Here, there is a curious prospect, the prospect of a new kind of mankind, a floating population, going about the world, aprooted, delocalized, and even, it may be, denationalized, with wide interests and wide views, developing, no doubt, customs and habits of its own, and yet, from the point of view of current politics and legislation, unorganized and ineffective.

Most of the forces of international finance and international business enterprise will be with it. It will develop its own characteristic standards of art and literature, and conduct in accordance with its new necessities. It is, I believe, the mankind of the future. And the last thing it will be able to do will be to legislate. The history of the immediate future will, I am convinced, be very largely the history of the conflict of the needs of this new population with the institutions, the boundaries, the laws, prejudices, and deep-rooted traditions established during the home-keeping, localized phase of mankind's career.

This conflict follows as inevitably upon these new gigantic facilities of locomotion as the Mauretania followed from the discoveries of steam and steel.

AT THE CONVENTION.

The Blessed Suffragette leaned out
O'er the reading-desk at even;
Th' speech she had prepared would
take

From eight until eleven.
She had two white gloves on her
And kins in her hat were seven.

Her robe designed by Madame Rose,
Star-bright flowers did adorn
And a superb black chiffon coat
Was very neatly worn.
And the chains that hung around her
throat
Were yellower than corn.

"I wish that we could vote, dear ones!
For we will vote," she said.
"Have I not on the finest gown?
That Madame Rose has made?
Are not good clothes a perfect
strength
And shall I feel afraid?"

She plumed and rustled, and then
spoke—
Less sad of speech than wilt.
She should gentle arguments
That couldn't harm a child;
And in terms quite acidulous
The Antis she reviled.

I saw her smile—and soon her smile
Was turned to laughter sneers;
She thought she saw another gown
More beautiful than hers!
She raised her lorgnon to her eyes—
Then she wept. (I heard her tears.)
—Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Magazine.

THE SUFFRAGE.

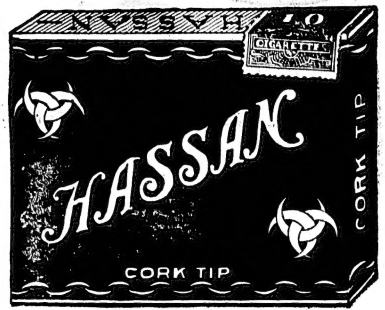
One of the troubles in regard to the suffrage for women may be noted that we do not say it will be partnership on the part of the dear fair sex. It is this way. Wives of men who have run for parliament or municipal power almost (I decline to make an assertion that sweeps everything away) invariably takes sides with husband, sons or father. It would be high to the impossible to make a wife who admired her husband, see that anything he could do publicly, or say privately, could be wrong. The same way with the devoted daughter, or the absolutely convinced - in - her - brother's - manliness - and - greatness - all - round sister, to see their dear men as outsiders might see them. Outsiders! That could they know of the goodness, the greatness of the men of the family? Dear, loyal women! And would you vote for A, sweetheart, if he—the one man God made—wanted his heart's desire of you, a vote for B? I can hear the loving, wistful tender clamor.

Mother—"If Jim says to vote for A, there's nothing to it but to vote for him."
The Wife—"Well, (she's a doubt) I suppose so, but then where do

HASSAN

Cork Tipped

Oriental Cigarettes



Smokers Have Caught on to Its
Low Price and Fine Quality
Ten For Ten Cents.

I come in. Can't I vote for B if I want to?"
Mother—"Surely you can, dear, but you know, after all, we've got to consider the Boy, and you know your self—and I know (wise we mother) how you love him—and—"

The Wife—"Sure—did you think for a minute that I wouldn't vote where the Boy voted? As if I could do anything else!" with a divine pout.
Sister, however, is sner—yet always affectionate. "I suppose Jim knows best. I've read a good deal about it all, however, and I can't see where the other candidate wins out. I guess I'll vote for Jim's outfit all right, all right."

The good Suffragette—"Kiss" in February Canada Monthly (formerly Canada-West).

AN XXX TRAGEDY.

The unluckiest lumberjack of the Quebec woods is a vivid and picturesque figure, according to Mrs. M. G. McWhirter, in "Shantying on the Caspasia," one of the articles in February Canada Monthly (formerly Canada-West). One night Thos. "Lumber" boasted, "I've lifted a barrel of p. with my three fingers three times from the floor."

Here Jim Lumber spoke up. In his broken English, he declared he could shoulder a barrel of floor.

"I'll bet a pound of tobacco you can't," cried Bill Flowers.
"I can just as easy," reiterated Lumber, and immediately prepared to make good his boast.
"Lumber! I'll not be much good to-morrow," encouragingly remarked Joe Downs.

"Don't worry, he'll soon quit," prophesied Frank Moore.
"Steady, boy, steady! There she goes."

Up still higher, and a final hall sent the barrel to the coveted place. But alas! The last jerk had been too strong. Over to the floor behind crashed the barrel, breaking in pieces, scattering the flour in every direction, and covering as in a shroud five or six men standing near. Amid the jeers and laughter of the men, Lumber retired to a seat, saying bravely:

"If the boss, she charge me, I'll pay."
The men scattered on the entrance of the boss. Some sought their hunk, others went to the boss to see to their horses. Three times the boss asked who had spilled the flour. At last, young Le Blanc, the cockee, answered: "Lumber, she broke it."
"Lumber paid for the flour. He carried no more as an athlete for a long while."

THE SMALL BOYS' FRIEND.

Nothing so attracts the small boy as the circus, and the clown is always his special friend. That the clown may be a friend in need is illustrated by this incident related in "The Autobiography of a Clown," and which the

chief actor says he always thinks of with satisfaction.

The show was at Blenheimton, New York. As I stood outside the dressing-room a little boy came up and eyed me eagerly. I saw tears and a very wistful look in his eyes. I have always loved children, and this little chap made me think of my own boy. I walked up to him, and putting my hand on his head, said:

"What's the matter, sonny?"
"I want to see the circus," he replied.

"Have you no money?" I asked.
"No," he replied, and fell to weeping.

Something in the lad touched me. I saw that he really wanted to see the show, and I took him by the hand and led him to where he could find his way to a good seat. He was radiant, with pleasure as I left him.

Years passed, and I forgot the incident. A few seasons ago we again showed at Blenheimton. A fine-looking young man came up to where I was standing, and said:

"I beg your pardon, but I am looking for a clown who befriended me fifteen years ago. I heard some one then call him 'Jules.' Can you tell me if he is still with the show?"
"You don't have far to look," I replied, "for I am Jules."

With that he seized my hand and shook it warmly. Then he said:

"I have waited a long time to thank you for that kindness. It may have seemed a small thing to you, but it meant a lot to me. I want you to take dinner with me tonight."

I went down town with him after the performance, and we had a fine talk. He had become an electrical engineer, and was doing well.

SAFE IN THE MINE.

The dangers of coal mining are well known, and to the people whose employment keeps them on its surface of the earth, it seems one of the most dangerous and least desirable of occupations. But it is encouraging to know that the miners themselves do not find underground work unpleasant. In an article in the Atlantic Monthly Mr. Joseph H. Wood describes a thorough examination of a coal mine in the middle west. Work was discontinued for the time, and the miners were obliged to stay "on top" for a number of days.

So great was the interest taken by the men in this work of examination, that there was little complaining. One morning, however, as I walked back from the power house to the town, I met Luke Davis, an old miner of about sixty, who came limping down the street toward the mine, and to him I heard the first complaint of the kind I had yet heard.
"The air on top ain't fit to live in," he said. "One day it's cold, next day it's hot. I've had recreation ever since the mine shut down. The only place a man keeps his health is underground." There were many others who shared his views.

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

The Saturday News is naturally very much pleased with the decision which the council has reached to hold the old market square for city hall purposes. It has suddenly dawned on the city authorities that they cannot get along indefinitely without such a building, that in fact they are very much embarrassed at the present moment through lack of accommodation, so much so that it has become necessary to ask the Board of Trade for use of its assembly room for council purposes. Yet it will take two or three years at least for the erection of such a structure, and there is no telling how great the pressure will become in that time with the large expansion that Edmonton undoubtedly has in store for it in the immediate future. This being the case, not a day should be lost in formulating plans. We cannot afford to rush into the enterprise without thorough preliminary investigation if we are to get full value for the money expended. The experience of other municipalities should certainly be taken advantage of. All this takes time and provided the undertakings were launched immediately, it would probably be well on to a year before the actual work of construction could be commenced. There should therefore be no delay in taking definite action.

The city is very fortunate in having such a site for such a purpose, and with handsome and commodious buildings placed on this square and the rest of the property laid out as an appropriate setting for them, we should have something that should be a source of much justifiable pride.

Municipal affairs are very far from being in a settled condition. Almost every day word comes of the retirement of some of the leading city officials. In most cases we are assured that there has been no friction with the commissioners, but it is particularly unfortunate that at this time so many of them should make up their minds to accept other posts. The retirement of Chief of Police Lancelotti is much to be regretted. There has been no question that he was a most efficient and painstaking departmental head. The province is lucky in securing his services as chief license inspector. Mr. Ensor, who succeeds him in the city's employ, has had an excellent training with the Mounted Police and should make good.

The council has determined to go ahead with the investigation of the manner in which the city's affairs have been administered by the commissioners. A particular object of enquiry will be the reasons for the dismissal of Superintendents McNaughton and Biswanger. No surprise should be felt in regard to this decision. The council is directly responsible to the people and it must satisfy itself that those who are discharging the executive functions are doing their work in such a way as to advance the city's interests. The statements of the dismissed superintendents made such an action imperative.

Where the council has made mistakes in the past was in constantly interfering with the commissioners and thus attempting to discharge the latter's duties for them. This is not in accordance with the ideas on which our form of municipal government is based. The aldermen have no business mixing up in the details of the city's administration. They are in their places to lay down general lines of policy and it is for the commissioners to carry these out. But it is to the councilors that the people have to look to see that the work of the commissioners is in proper hands. Clearly it is a part of their duty, therefore, to investigate where civic matters come to the pass in which we find them at the present moment. It would be folly to make any changes lightly. But they must satisfy themselves that administration is proceeding along the proper lines.

Mr. Bouillon's attitude at Tuesday night's meeting was very disappointing. The Saturday News has been anxious throughout to see him given a fair trial and still has confidence in him. But he makes himself ridiculous in refusing to have his work investigated by Ald. Mould, whom he describes as a "personal enemy," and in calling for an enquiry by a Judge. Ald. Mould is an elected representative of the people and it is clearly his duty to investigate Mr. Bouillon's methods. There is no reason whatever for calling in a Judge. Ald. Mould was one of the men who took upon himself the responsibility of appointing Mr. Bouillon and the responsibility

THE CASE OF CAPTAIN PEARY.

There are many legitimate objections to the proposal now before Congress to retire Captain Peary with the rank and pay of an admiral in the navy, as a reward for his services in polar exploration, says the San Francisco Argonaut. In the first place, Captain Peary has been detached from the naval service pretty much all the time this 12 or 13 years past. He has no naval record worth speaking of, certainly nothing beyond the ordinary, and therefore is entitled to no special reward or the score of naval service. To give him the proposal promotion, accompanied by retirement, would be to vote him a pension for services non-naval, yet to be charged to naval expense. If there be any obligations on the government to pension Captain Peary, the thing should be out outright and be charged against the pension fund, rather than by a subterfuge, against the naval fund.

Again, the proposal for retirement is retroactive in that it advances Captain Peary's rank and his pay—from the date of his presumed discovery of the North Pole in 1909. This, in ef-

fect, would give to Captain Peary a very considerable lump sum of money in the shape of arrears of pay.

Now, if it is obligatory upon the country to reward Captain Peary with a money gift, it should be done openly and regularly and not be a half-concealed twist in legislation which fails to expose the fact, and which of the same time, subverts the amount of his gratuity from the naval fund.

There are other objections. First, there is no proof to his own statement, he did not make certain essential observations for the last 300 miles of his journey, and therefore cannot give conclusive proofs of his achievement. The matter rests upon his own unsupported statement, for at the time of the alleged discovery he was accompanied by but one man, and that man a negro servant without education or other qualifications as a witness. The reason given by Captain Peary for going thus practically alone is not creditable. His confession that he wished all the glory for himself; that is, he was unwilling to share even with those whose labors had supported his enterprise the honor of such part in the achievement as belonged to subordinate association with it. A man thus calculating in connection with such an enterprise, even supposing all his claims to be valid,

entirely relieved from any obligation to reward him as a great discoverer and as a man of science. It is too much, we think, to ask the government of the United States to reward an achievement in itself doubtful and in the method of its promulgation, selfish and cheap, even to the point of vulgarity.

A celebrated vocalist, driving to a concert, was upset from an Irish jaunting car and somewhat severely injured.

Next day, says the Liverpool Daily Post, a Cork paper reported thus: "Mr. S. had a nasty accident while driving to Ballyknock, and appeared in several pieces the same evening."

It was another paper in the land of bulls which published this item: "A deaf man, Duffy by name, was run down by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday morning. He was injured in a similar way just a year ago."

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure.—Addison.



FILIAL ADVICE.

Young Trick: "Oh Hea ven-born protector of Islam, help me against the British!"
Crown Prince of Oud: "Don't you listen to him, Dad. It'll make me feel so ridiculous when I get among the Mussulmans of India."—Punch.

There's a hand to the boy who has courage to do what he knows to be right.—Eben E. Rexford.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was avenged upon him.—South



"I say, Barbara, can you say your prayers in German yet?"
"No, not properly—not without a dictionary."—Punch

OLD LAND SALARIES.

(From the London Daily Mail.)

Investigations show that in this country salaries of £10,000 are very few, notwithstanding our many enormous business enterprises. Large salaries are, however, becoming more numerous. The income tax report last year shows that the number of employees with salaries over £5,000 was 202, compared with 109 in the previous year. The total income of these 202 persons was £1,654,000, or an average of over £8,000 each, but the return does not give further details.

The salaries of some of our great shipping organizations range between £3,000 and £10,000. Last year the shareholders of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxims agreed to pay a pension of £6,000 for life to Colonel T. E. Vickers, who was resigning the position of managing director.

Nine cabinet ministers receive £5,000 a year, but some ministers receive more. The salary of the Lord Chancellor is £10,000, the Attorney-General has £7,000 a year, and the Solicitor-General £6,000, and both receive fees which largely augment these amounts. The engineer of the Metropolitan Water Board receives £2,500, and the clerk of the London County Council £2,000.

RECIPROCITY.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

If reciprocity 40 or 50 years ago, before the confederation of the provinces, might have promoted continental union, had the first treaty been renewed, there is no reason to expect such development now that Canada has travelled so far on the road to nationality. Canadians have not the slightest reason to fear absorption into the United States, and Americans do not expect them to be absorbed. As for British Imperialism, under no circumstances in the future can it be hoped that in the interests of Imperial unity the Canadian people can be permanently detached in an economic sense from this great continent, or that Americans and Canadians, living side by side, can be prevented from enjoying the close trade relations which nature has decreed. The larger statesmanship, for British Imperialists, dictates an acceptance of American-Canadian reciprocity in the faith that it would promote a closer union, a more perfect unity, in the entire English-speaking world.

Difficulties nerve the spirit of a man—they make our prime objects a refuge as well as a passion. Keats.

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A No. 7 sells at \$10.95
Here is a Marvel Heater No. 31 \$10.95
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A No. 15 \$10.95
Full size Iron Bed with brasses only \$10.95
A beautiful Art Design Health Mattress. \$10.95
An Upright American Organ, just as good as new, cost \$175.00; will sell for \$10.95
A strong full size spring of excellent workmanship, brand new, part for \$10.95
Oak Dresser with large size plate glass for \$10.95
Ward Stand for \$10.95
All Wool 7 lb. Blankets at \$10.95
Flannel Sheets \$10.95
Folding Paper, Tar Paper.
Toilet Sets \$10.95
Horse Rugs, from \$10.95
Trunks and Valises in large variety and all sizes.

The Exchange buys everything and sells at prices that alone are responsible for the great turnover. Why there are thousands of things at the Exchange has cannot be catalogued. Call and see and if you have anything to sell call us 123.

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The problem of a delivery service is one of the most difficult that a newspaper has to grapple with. Every effort has been made to make that of the Saturday News thoroughly efficient and the management would deem it a favor if subscribers would immediately notify the office when their paper does not arrive on Friday. This is the only means by which it can remedy deficiencies.

Telephone - - - 1961